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The Newport Mercury,

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June 1766, and is now the one hundred and thirtieth year. It is the oldest and third oldest newspaper in the United States. The first printed in the English language. It contains a weekly weekly of 8,000 copies, and a daily of 10,000 copies, containing reading matter of a general and local news, and a section of intelligence and valuable household departments.

Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

NEWPORT COUSIN No. 31, Under United American Merchant; John S. Carr, Com-
munity; meets every Monday evening.

EXTRACTION LUNCHEON, No. 42, I. O. of O. F., Her-
bert Hall, Noble Grand; Perry B. Dawley,
Secretary; meets every Tuesday evening.

MALMOK LUNCHEON NO. 83, N. E. O. F., Henry M.
Young, Warden; James H. Goddard, Sec-
retary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings
in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, Dr.
Frederick Bradly, President; Alexander
McGahan, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th
Wednesday evenings of each month.

PENNSYLVANIA LUNCHEON, No. 88, K. of H., Di-
rector, Edwin Nelson; Reporter, C. H. Chase;
meets 2d and 4th Thursday evenings.

EWON LUNCHEON NO. 11, K. of P., Sir
Knight Captain, A. H. Davis; Charles H.
Koch, Secretary; meets last Friday
evening in each month.

DAVIS DIVISION NO. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir
Knight Captain, A. H. Davis; Charles H.
Koch, Secretary; meets last Friday
evening in each month.

Local Matters.

Unity Club Entertainment.

For Tuesday evening last the Helpfulness Committee, of the benevolent arm of the Unity Club, engaged the professional services of the Boston elocutionist, Mr. Ned Howard Fowler, to give a dramatic representation of Tom Taylor's bright and capital little comedy known as "Still Waters Run Deep." Mr. Fowler proved a great success, and read most admirably. It was a presentation very much superior to half of the performances that are soon at the Theatre. The object of the Club was to raise a fund to be devoted to assisting private families, this winter in Newport. The attendance, however, was so small, that we understand the receipts (\$500 worth a ticket) did not balance the cost. This is to be regretted, and may in part be accounted for by the fact that the Artillery Fair and several other gatherings for amusement, were to fall on that evening.

Who Will Answer?

—FEBRUARY 10, 1897.

Mr. ENDOWMENT—Permit me through the columns of the Mercury, to inquire if any one of its numerous readers can give the name of the person who carved the cedar (or pineapple), as it was called in my boyhood days), over the doorway of the State House. By so doing you will oblige an old New-
porter and subscriber.

We have been informed that a certain Moody has always been given credit for carving the ornament named, but as far as we have found no authentic verification of the statement. —[Ed.]

The report of the Board of Health for the month of January shows the number of deaths to have been twenty-four, none of which were from contagious diseases. The youngest deceased was less than a month of age while the oldest had attained eighty-two years. Nine were natives of the city and eight were born in foreign countries. Of the contagious diseases but one, a victim of scarlet fever, was reported for the month.

Yesterday afternoon, a slight fire in the Everett School, Boston, caused a panic among the children which resulted in ten or twelve of them being severely crushed. They were removed to their homes and to hospitals and their injuries are not expected to result fatally.

Miss Mary Murphy of Dearborn street, attempted to take her own life Tuesday morning by cutting her throat. The attempt was not successful, however, and she was removed to the hospital. She is believed by her friends to be mentally unsound.

Mr. Augustus Goffe, who has been seriously ill at his home during the past week, is still in a critical condition.

Mr. William P. Clarke, who has been confined to his home by illness is im-
proving.

Col. A. K. McMahon is again confined to the house, a victim of the Grippe.

Artillery Company's Fair.

The Artillery Company's Fair, which has been in progress at Masonic Hall during the week, has proved as attractive as could be desired. The hall was handsomely decorated with flags and bunting and the booths were very conveniently arranged and artistically decorated. The pony, on whose weight the guessing was brisk each night, was in charge of Bugler Howard H. Peckham and occupied the first space to the left as you entered the hall, while directly next him the "Yellow Kid" sign drew all comers, who could not resist the advice given to try the soda dispensed there by Color Sergeant William Williams and Private Ross. The wheel of fortune, in charge of Private Barlow, next attracted attention and no trouble was experienced in selling the same, in consequence of which trade was brisk. Next to this was an innovation for fair in the shape of ladies' riflery. This was under the management of Miss Borthia Williams and Mrs. John Dugan and proved a great attraction not only to the ladies, but to the gentlemen as well. The best score each night was awarded a prize and the ladies so winning were Mrs. Herbert Biles on Monday and Tuesday evenings, Miss Jonnie Gash on Wednesday and Mrs. Frank Hay on Thursday, while last night's was not yet decided when we went to bed. The oaks table, in charge of Mrs. A. Stewart, though beautifully supplied each night, was stripped of its toothsome dainties on the last good-night were said. There were several cakes, which were won by Mrs. George Oxx, Mr. Mauricio A. Albro, Mr. George W. Callahan and Mr. P. C. Moloney.

The next booth was the Japanese room, artistically decorated with Japanese rugs and art treasures where tea was served from dainty Japanese cups by maidens in Japanese dress, presided over by Mrs. R. C. Ebbes. The nursery, in charge of Mrs. Edward Tanner, was filled with dolls of all sizes and descriptions, dressed in all manner of styles, who did not become in the least unattractive, notwithstanding the late hours they have been obliged to keep. This might have been due to the fact that a handsome conservatory was right next door to them where handsome palms and potted plants were artistically arranged and from which, under the guidance of Miss Elsie Biesel, dainty boutonnières and choice cut flowers were dispensed. Miss Ada Watson was the propounder at the next booth, which was well stocked with all manner of tempting articles made of crope paper, not only making a particularly pretty exhibit, but displaying to the uninitiated possibilities in paper not heretofore dreamed of.

Mrs. Howard R. Peckham had a large array of aprons which appealed to all housekeepers and fancy workers who found something to suit all tastes and requirements. Mrs. Frank G. Scott was at the head of the fancy work department, which was filled with useful, ornamental and artistic work that found ready buyers. At the candy table Mrs. William Frank beguiled the pennies from the pockets of all who looked at her table of sweets and bonbons. Next came the domestic table in charge of Mrs. Howard M. Ackers, where pickles, preserves, etc., dear to the heart of every housewife, were sold "like hot cakes." The lemonade well, though deprived of its superintendent, Miss Lillie Shaw, (who was detained by the death of a friend) did a thriving business under the auspices of Mrs. Nellie Grafton. Mrs. J. B. Fowler, at the popcorn table, introduced a number of novelties in the shape of mammy's corn balls, large stockings, etc., which were highly appreciated and found ready buyers. The remains of Mrs. Annie E. Graham, who died in Pawtucket on Monday, were well patronized as was the Minstrel performance which was given in the south anteroom each evening. In the north anteroom Mrs. Geo. W. Thompson and a large corps of assistants were kept constantly busy dispensing ice cream. Down stairs the men's shooting gallery attracted the usual large numbers and Mr. J. Henry Cremin won every evening. Monday evening a number of vocal selections were rendered by Mr. George G. Brown and Tuesday evening Mr. L. A. Lurley of Boston delighted the large audience with his eloquent powers. A very pretty and perfectly executed fire drill by the Miners Ada Graham, Sadie Peckham, Jessie Greene, Fanny Greene, Nellie Peckham, Lottie Wilbar, Mita Hizard, Maude Hounds, Mary Stewart, Sadie Biles, Rebeoda Ward, Mary Greene, Mattie Ward, Emily Ryder, Mable Stinson and Edith Babcock in costumes of the national colors, received much applause each evening and proved one of the features of the fair. The Mayor and members of the City Council, Grand Army, Naval Reserves and Co. B. attended Monday evening, the members of the fire department Tuesday, Redwood Lodge and Davis Division, K. P., Wednesday, the Foresters and Father Matthews Association Thursday and Weston Shassat Tribe of Red Men and the Powhatan Club last evening.

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DEATHS OF THE WEEK.

Mary Louise Sharp.

Miss Mary L. Sharp, daughter of the late Joseph and the late Ella E. Sharp, died at her home on Second street Tuesday noon, after a long illness. Miss Sharp was a most estimable young lady, beloved by a host of friends and acquaintances. She was one of the most active workers in St. John's parish, being a member of both St. Mary's Guild and the Altar Society, and always to be found at her post in the several branches of church work, until confined to her home by failing health. She was in the twenty-fourth year of her age and a widow. Mrs. Stephen McCarthy, and two brothers, Thomas B. and Frederick J. Sharp, who have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their bereavement. Funeral services were held at Zebulon Memorial Church yesterday afternoon, Rev. E. L. Buckley officiating. The Altar Society of the church attended in a body, beside which a large number were present to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased. The bearers were Messrs. William Schwarz, Clark Burdick, Theodore M. Reed, George Gilliam, Charles E. Brice and Waldo E. Harvey.

Benjamin H. Peckham.

Mr. Benjamin H. Peckham died at his home on Broadway on Tuesday in the 70th year of his age, from an attack of bronchitis which settled into pneumonia. He was the son of the late Clement and the late Mary Peckham, and the late William P. Peckham was his brother. Mr. Peckham was a shoemaker by profession and had his trade for many years in the store at the corner of West Broadway and Marlboro street over Mr. Geo. Lawton's harness shop. Outside stairs led to his place of business and, we are told, his little back shop of evenings was the center of attraction to many of Newport's "boys" with yarns to spin, who used to congregate there. A few years ago Mr. Peckham removed his shop to Broadway next door to his residence, where he engaged in cobbling up to the time of his death. One sister, Miss Rebecca A. Peckham, survives him.

The Peckham residence, at the corner of Kilburn court, is one of the oldest in the city. Miss Rebecca A., now 80 years old and the only member of the family left to occupy the old house, was born there as was also her mother, and it is the repository of many curios and relics of old Newport.

Daniel Albro.

Daniel Albro, whose serious illness was recently referred to in these columns, died Thursday night at his residence on Poole street. He was 77 years of age and a veteran of the late war, having served in Co. A, 4th Rhode Island Regiment, from Aug. 16, 1862, to June 9, 1865, when he was discharged. He joined Charles E. Lawton Post, G. A. R., Feb. 9, 1867, and remained an esteemed member of that body until his death.

His occupation was that of a stationery engineer and was for many years employed in that capacity at the Perry Mill. He was four times married, and his last wife survives him.

Mrs. Lucy G. Barlow.

Mrs. Lucy Gifford, widow of the late Captain Cromwell Barlow, died at her home on Guerne court on Tuesday at the advanced age of eighty-four years. Mrs. Barlow was a daughter of the late Nathaniel and the late Elizabeth Gifford, and was a native of Dartmouth, Mass. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. Sarah E. Bliss, and a son, Mr. George G. Barlow. The funeral was solemnized from Zebulon Memorial Church yesterday afternoon and was largely attended.

Mrs. Annie E. Graham.

The remains of Mrs. Annie E. Graham, who died in Pawtucket on Monday, were brought here for burial on Thursday afternoon and funeral services were held at the Old cemetery. Mrs. Graham was the wife of George Graham of Pawtucket and a daughter of the late Wm. Oman of this city.

Francis J. Kinsler.

Mr. Francis J. Kinsler died at the residence of his son, Mr. Armand F. Kinsler, on Bellevue avenue on Tuesday. Mr. Kinsler had been in failing health for the past eight years. He leaves a widow, a son and a daughter. Mr. Kinsler was a native of Paris, France, and was in the 60th year of his life.

Gardner E. Tefft.

Mr. Gardner E. Tefft died at the Hospital on Monday after a long illness from diabetes and Bright's disease. He was in the 75th year of his age and leaves two children. His remains were taken to South Kingston, R. I., for burial on Thursday.

The Newport Eintracht Society held a very enjoyable masquerade in their hall in the Prudential building Monday evening. About fifty couples participated and the costumes were handsome, unique or comic, as the fancy of the wearer dictated.

Chief Engineer Lake is reported

Capt. Kenyon Exonerated.

The hearing on the trouble at the Brewster's Red Life Saving Station between Capt. C. C. Kenyon and several members of his crew has resulted in the complete vindication of the captain and the discharge of four of his subordinates. At there has been more or less difference of opinion at the station all winter, Capt. Inspector Thomas D. Walker and Assistant Superintendent H. M. Knowles thoroughly investigated the matter with the result above stated. In November Charles Yates, a seaman, was discharged for drunkenness while on duty, and considerable sympathy was expressed for him among his fellow-sailors. This sympathy finally took the form of persecution of the captain, who had lasted up to the time of investigation. The four men who were dismissed by the General Superintendent were Charles A. Thompson, William G. Luth, George C. Burdick and Edward Edgar. Joseph Campbell and Joseph Casey were retained and Capt. Kenyon was ordered to fill the vacancies with substitutes who will serve until next June, when they may take the Civil Service examinations and be inducted as permanent members of the crew.

The Customs Officers Vexed.

A New York despatch of Wednesday says: Gerald Paget, a brother of Almerio Hugh Page, who married the daughter of William C. Whitney, came to America last spring and brought with him the English built yacht Rosemary. The law requires importers of foreign built yachts to pay duty, and the appraisers assessed a duty of \$600 on the Rosemary.

Mr. Whitney had learned a thing or two about the shipping laws while Secretary of the Navy. He pointed out that Mr. Paget could escape paying duty by giving a bond to export his yacht within six months. Mr. Paget gave a bond in the sum of \$2000 and William C. Whitney became his bondsmen.

The six months expired yesterday, and when the customs officials sent to Mr. Whitney's office for \$3000 they were told that the Rosemary had gone back to England several months ago. The customs officials said unkind things about young Mr. Paget for not exporting his boat under their supervision, as the law requires. It is said that suit for the collection of the bond will be brought against Mr. Whitney by the United States District Attorney; but as

Mr. Whitney's connection with the law's evasion was only technical, the Treasury Department will probably not require him to pay the \$3000.

His Ancestors Settled Here.

Mr. George Read, who died in Somerset on Wednesday, was a descendant of one of Newport's early inhabitants. His first ancestor on American soil settled here. Mr. Read was born in Massachusetts in 1810. In January, 1850, Mr. Read married Miss Jane G. Window, who survives him. His first wife, Emmeline Howell, the mother of his three sons—Albert M., of Providence, Henry H. and George Z., of South Somerset—died some years previous. Only a little over a year ago friends came from far and near to celebrate the 40th anniversary of this later marriage.

Mr. Read leaves an older brother, Mr. Ephraim Read, of Fall River, and two sisters, Mrs. Bush and Miss Read, whose home has been for years adjoining his in South Somerset.

Stamp Collectors Organize.

Newport clubdom's latest acquisition is the Newport Philatelic Club, which was reorganized at the residence of Miss Sarah Bowen on School street Tuesday evening. The society has for its object the collection of postage and revenue stamps and the consideration and discussion of all matters relating to the collection and issuance of stamps. Mr. Percival Parrish was elected president, W. V. H. Rose secretary and treasurer, and Hugh L. Taylor superintendent of the exchange department. Miss Bowen, Mrs. Brantin, Messrs. Charles D. Marsh, Windfall Sisson and Harrison Scobury are also members of the society.

President—Dr. F. M. Francis.

Vice-Presidents—Dr. C. F. Barker, Dr. Henry Eddy, Dr. T. A. Kenefick.

Librarian—Dr. W. S. Sherman.

Secretary—Dr. M. E. Baldwin.

Treasurer—Dr. Henry Eddy.

Stamp Collectors Organize.

The Prohibitionists of this city held a caucus in the senate chamber of the State House last Saturday evening, Feb. 16, 1897, classified as follows: House of Correction, 210 men, 80 women—206; Asylum for the Insane, 331 men, 352 women—683; State Almshouse, 136 men, 141 women, 25 boys, 20 girls—321; State Prison, 168 men, 6 women—174; Providence County Jail, 200 men, 12 women—212; Socknesset School for Boys, 218; Oaklawn School for Girls, 40. Feb. 16 the total number of inmates of both sexes at the different institutions was: Men, 1124; women, 564; boys, 323; girls, 62; total, 2103.

Some of the institutions have increased in numbers this month while others have decreased. House of Correction, decreased 11; Asylum for the Insane, decreased 2; State Almshouse, increased 2; State Prison, decreased 2; Providence County Jail, increased 9; Socknesset School for Boys, increased 5; Oaklawn School for Girls, increased 2.

Prohibitionists' Caucus.

The Prohibitionists of this city held a caucus in the senate chamber of the State House last Saturday evening, Feb. 16, 1897, classified as follows: House of Correction, 210 men, 80 women—206; Asylum for the Insane, 331 men, 352 women—683; State Almshouse, 136 men, 141 women, 25 boys, 20 girls—321; State Prison, 168 men, 6 women—174; Providence County Jail, 200 men, 12 women—212; Socknesset School for Boys, 218; Oaklawn School for Girls, 40. Feb. 16 the total number of inmates of both sexes at the different institutions was: Men, 1124; women, 564; boys, 323; girls, 62; total, 2103.

The various ice companies about the city have succeeded in nearly completing their harvest of ice for the winter. The Arctic Ice Company have stored away about 25,000 tons and lack only 8,000 tons of having their houses filled. The Newport Ice Company have gathered about 11,000 tons and expect to

FORT FRAYNE.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XVI.

Juno had come, a radiant June, and all at Frayne was joyous anticipation, despite the momentous fact that the Plate had overleaped its bounds and was raging like some mad mountain torrent for as the eye could see. The flats to the west of the post were a broad, muddy lake. The grassy bank beneath the bluffs to the east was partially torn away. Part of Bunko Jim's frontier stronghold still clung to the opposite bank, but some of it was distributed in driftwood long leaguered down stream. Across the river, at a point half a mile above the ruin of the fort-house, a troop of cavalry, caught on return from scour, had pitched its tents and picketed its horses and was waiting for the filling of the waters to enable it to return to its station, and with that troop, the maddest man in all Wyoming, was Lieutenant Will Farrar.

Six or seven weeks previously an order had come to Fenton to send two troops to scour the western slopes of the Big Horn and keep the peace between the settlers and the Shoshones. Time was when these latter rarely ventured across the Big Horn river, partly through fear of the Sioux, who claimed sovereignty over all the lands east of the Shoshone preserves in the Wind river valley, partly through regard for the orders of their loyal old chief, Washakie, who for long, long years of his life had kept faith with the great white father, held his people in check and suffered the inevitable consequences of poverty and neglect, the policy of the Indian Bureau being to load with favors only those of its wards who defy it and deal death to the whites. Settlers seldom encroach upon the Sioux, those genty being abundantly able and more than willing to take care of themselves, but the Shoshones had known long years of everlasting peace and being held in subjection by their chief, because the natural prey of the whites, who mistook subordination for subservience, as is natural to freshen Americans and as easily adopted by fellow citizens of foreign birth and who soon began to encroach on their own account, stealing Shoshone crops and cattle and promptly accusing the army officer on duty as agent of cattle stealing and all around bascality when he received the captured stock.

Then, while this badgered official was defending himself in court, the Shoshones had to defend themselves in the field, and that peripatetic buffer between the oppressor and the oppressed, the corporations and the cranks, the law and the lawless—the much bedeviled army—was sent out as usual to receive the slings and arrows of outragous fortune and of both parties. Finding it difficult to subdue the Shoshones so long as their new agent—the army agent—remained in power, the obvious thing was to down him by misrepresentation at Washington and, if that didn't work, by deft manipulation of the local law. Of course they didn't expect to prove him guilty of anything, but there was no law against lying, and they could compel him to come into court and prove himself innocent and leave his unarmed wards at the mercy of the settler in the meantime, and so it happened that there were high jinks up the Wind river valley and along those wonderful ranges in the wild valleys of the Gray Bull, the McCrory, the Mecetco, north of the Owl Creek mountains, and the cavalry having long since been withdrawn from that section, that was how the detail fell on old Fort Frayne.

"You can straighten matters out in a month," said the commanding officer to Major Wayne, who had hastened back from the east to take command, and when it came to selecting the troops to go, even though it lacked less than two months to his wedding day, Will Farrar gloried in the fact that his was one of them. It is hard to conceive of a lot in which a spirited, soldierly fellow of 21 could possibly be happier than commanding a troop of cavalry on an expedition through so glorious a country. Amory's troop and Leale's were designated, and the latter captain being still in Berlin and the senior subaltern on staff duty in the east, Farrar was his own captain and troop commander and, despite the troubles of the Christmas season, long since buried so far as he was concerned, just about the happiest fellow that wore the army blue.

The expedition had proved even longer than was planned, but at last, while Wayne, with Amory and the recaptured cattle and mounted up Shoshones, went over the Owl Creek mountains to render account of his stewardship at Fort Washakie, Will was told to make the best of his way homeward with his own command, and, marching leisurely along in the radiant spring mornings through a country unmarked for wild beauty in all America, shooting, fishing, ploughing in mountain streams, sleeping dreamlessly in the open air by night, they reached the valley of the Plate toward mid-June. The blessed landmark of the Eagle buttes came in sight one peerless morning. The blue summits of the Medicine Bow loomed up across the horizon to the southeast. The flag tipped bluffs of old Fort Frayne would greet their eyes before the close of tomorrow's march, and so they did, but with a raging torrent tearing at their base, and this was Monday and less than 48 hours of Will's wedding day.

Meanwhile there had been a partial reunion within the walls of the fort, and already a joyous host of army folk had gathered in anticipation of the June wedding, with Kitty Ormsby as the center of attraction, since she was the colonel's niece and he was to give her away, and Wayne was to be best man by order of the bride, provided he didn't get things mixed in his own inimitable way and turn up unexpectedly at some one else's affair, as he did the night of the Willett's dinner to Captain and Mrs. Billy Ray of the 7th, where, with army bonhomie, a cent was squeezed in close beside that of the winsome guest of the evening, and where he was charmingly welcomed and made at home despite the fact, which dawned upon him only with the champagne,

that he was due at the Armory, where a similar function was being held in honor of the Truecots of the same regiment, then on the march from Kansas to Montana.

"You'll see it, Kitty, that ever you insisted on my having Wayne for best man," wrote poor Will, with prophetic but unavailing protest. "Wayne said my Willy," was the positive rejoinder, and no one but Wayne would do. "All right," said Will, "if you find years later that there's been some fatal flaw in the proceedings don't blame me."

But here, on this glad June morning, all sunshiny and serenity about, all perturbation at the post, all raging river about it, it looked as though the proceedings themselves would be delayed and that instead of a military wedding in the post chapel at high noon, with everybody in granda tunc, there would be no wedding at all, even though Will, like a modern Lameyer, swam this wild western Hellespont in search of his bride. Far away to the east the floods had swept their battering ram of logs and trees and dashed it against the bridge abutments of the railway, and, though the Farrars were safely here and had been for several days, Kitty's train, that which bore her and Jack on their westward way, had been brought up standing long miles toward Cheyenne, and there was no telling when the passengers could be transferred to the waiting cars upon the bitter shore. And so, believing the other in waiting at the post, bride and groom elect woko to their wedding morn to rail at fate. It would have been some comfort could they have known that, though miles apart, they were at least on the same side of the stream that swept between them and the altar of their hopes.

And there was deep anxiety under the roof where once again the Farrars were installed, for the mother was possessed with the fear that Willy would be mad enough to try to swim the stream, and, though Fenton had laid his signature out forbidding any such attempt, no acknowledgement had been received to the effect that the repeated message was understood. An Indian who thought he could cross at Casper rocks, several miles up stream, was swept from his pony and only saved by the strength of his horsehair bridle. A scow that was launched at the bend was battered to splinters, and bottle after bottle, corked and slung long yards out into the stream, went bobbling derisively away, carrying their penciled contents with them. Arrows, with silken strings attached, dropped helplessly in the stream. Bullets, similarly tethered, snapped their frail attachments and whistled over the opposite shore and told no tale other than that of anxiety. Every fieldglass at the post, when brought to bear, revealed Farrar at 9 o'clock of his bridal morning striding and probably swearing up and down the bank, tugging at his tiny mustache and sprouting beard and possibly threatening self destruction. It was a thrilling scene that was witnessed by the world.

"Why was the use?" Wayne told it to Lucretia, Lucretia told a dozen during the day. It was all over the post before night, and despite Helen's effort Ellis heard it among the first. One more among the many mishaps was to be told by ushers in Will's wedding day!

At 10 that beautiful June morning there was something more than pathetic about poor Lucretia's sorrows. While Fenton, Mrs. Farrar, Helen, silent, brave faced Ellis, and a dozen sympathetic souls from all over the post were gathered on the north piazza overhanging the bluff and the rearnging waters of the Plate, signaling to Will and watching eagerly his vigorous movements, the lady of the house remained within doors, with increasing anxiety and refused to be comforted.

"It is dreadful to think of the condition that chicken-soup will be," she moaned. "It is preposterous to talk to me of patience! I've said all along it was to be an unlucky day, because you all know perfectly well—al least if you don't you ought to—that it is just 13 years ago this day that we were all gathered at Fort Crook for the funeral of Captain Crooks, which was to take place the moment the ambulance got in from the front, and the band was all ready, and the escort and the hearse and—and after all the whole thing had to be abandoned, for when the ambulance got in there were no remains at all—last there were, but they weren't ready for burial because they'd revived and were sitting up and saying shocking things. Why, I think a wedding without a bride is ten times worse than a funeral without a—without it!"

But here, it must be admitted, the burst of laughter in which Rorke indulged was too much for her determination to weep, and, blazing through her tears, the maiden demanded explanation of his unseemly conduct. Rorke was a permanent member of the colonel's establishment now, but he could not risk Miss Lucretia's displeasure, and was wise and knew his danger and fled to the kitchen, there to tell cook and Chinaman the lady's plaintive monologue, while Amory, equally conscientious, ran out to convince with it the party on the porch. And then in the midst of all the laughter came delirious news from the "lost man" sent to meet the bride and Ormsby at the station and then to them the direful news that "the bridegroom was lost." The train had passed Fetterman's Bend. The bride would be there in 20 minutes.

And she came, and what a scene there was! And how she was hugged and kissed and munched and pelted about, and how she strove to tell of her tribulations and could not for the volume of welcome, exclamation and interrogation, and not until trunks, boxes and what alls had been whisked away to her room aloft and somebody said it was almost 11 o'clock did she find breath and opportunity to say: "Gracious heavens! And I'm to be married at noon! And not a thing done yet! Why—why—where's Willy?"

Aghast they looked at one another. Was not all this to have been explained by Wayne? Hadn't Wayne told her? Told her? Told her what? All Major Wayne said to let about Willy was that he was almost frantic with impatience to meet her, but he'd—he'd have to take his bath first. What did he mean by sending such ridiculous stuff? What were they all laughing—crying at? Isn't her? Couldn't cross? Can't be swim? Why, the man she thought he was would swim Niagara rather than miss his wedding day! And then—oh, day of days—perhaps her words unwholesome space had reached the ears of the maddened lover, for at the very moment came an Irish howl from the porch without. "Oh, for the love of God, shut him! Don't let him! Oh, mother of Moses, it's drownin' he is!" And then, all shrieks and terror, did most of the party scatter for the balconies, while

shrieks and terror and protestations that she'd never speak to him again if he dared to, Kitty collapsed upon a sofa.

Was ever there a wedding day to match it? Soaked to the skin, dripping, but triumphant, Will Farrar rode out of the floods and up the heights amid the frenzied acclamations of the garrison and throwing himself from the saddle at the colonel's gate demanded to see, if not to squeeze, his bride. There were they gathered, the elite of Fort Frayne, some in wedding garb, some in traveling dress, and what a cheer went up as he sprang to the porch and his mother wanted to clasp him,elping though he was, to her heart of hearts. Not so Kitty. "Don't you come near me, you dreadful thing!" she cried, and laughing and protesting, he was led away to be caparisoned for the ceremony. Lucretia's spirits were once more in ebullition. Wayne was back, the remains had come; so why longer delay preceeds?

They were not. There was as blitho and bright and joyous a soldier wedding that perfect noonday as ever was seen within the walls of old Fort Frayne, and Kitty made a bewitching bride, and there was a wonderful unloading of sorrow from heart after heart on the shoulders of one luckless, sorely tried man, Major Pervisal Wayne. Oh, Mad Anthony! But here was one of thy descendants ten times worthily thy namesake. In that one day there came crushing in upon him the consequences of a generation of misdoing.

It was enough that he should have failed to explain matters to Kitty. It was worse when he took the first opportunity to explain matters to Jack. His way of doing it was somewhat as follows: and they were dressing for the ceremony, and Jack, gorgeous in his full dress uniform as a lieutenant of the Seventh, was sick at heart over the cloth, constrained greeting accorded him by Ellis.

"Why, of course, old fellow, you didn't impose silence on me, and I'll let out about your engagement!"

"My what?" says poor Jack aghast.

"Your engagement. You said, even to attend Kitty's wedding, you couldn't get away until yours was fulfilled—on the 10th, wasn't it?"

"Certainly, our annual inspection

No man in the Seventh would miss that for love or money."

"But, Jack, don't you know? I'm sure you told me a lady was in the case. You told me her name, and—indeed, you did—that Ellis and you were to be tied!"

"You transcendental idiot! I told you F and I—Company F and Company I—were tied for place and neither dared lose a point."

And then, instead of smashing Wayne, as was his first thought, Jack fled down stairs in search of Ellis and found her and told her Wayne's story and then his own, breathlessly, eagerly, imploringly, and there were blushing and tears and soft laughter and soft, happy murmur, and—and how horribly these big epaulets get in the way and service medals and sash and braids scratch at such times! And at last did Jack uplift his voice again to say, "Ellis, I'm in heaven," and then did she uplift a blushing, tear-stained, kiss-rimmed face to archly inquire, "A Seventh heaven, Jack?" and then did old Fenton come blustering in to take a veteran's share in the engagement. It was known all over the house before the wedding party started.

Then came the next scene in Mad Anthony's play, Amory and the chaplain declare to this day that when the party was duly marshaled at the altar the major clicked his heels together and raised his hand in salute and began, "Sir, the parade is"—when Ormsby



"Helen, darling—not that! Don't waste those kisses."

caught the hand and brought it down. When it came to the ring there was consternation. To the horror of the bride, the despair of the bridegroom, the despair of the maid of honor, the maiden demanded explanation of the occasion by the dazed best man was an old fashioned but beautiful cluster of flashing gems. Only by a miracle did it happen that the other ring was in his possession. How the mixture occurred there was no time to tell, until later, when all were gathered, for there were two whose fortunes we have followed through these long, long chapters who were absent from the ceremony, who, in fact, were having one of their own, and to these two, while the hand without is softly playing in front of the bride, and in eager hundreds the men are gathered to cheer the bride and groom on their reappearance, let us turn and listen.

"No, dear Mrs. Farrar," were Helen

Dauntless words as the eager guests

were pointing forth to the wedding.

"They are bringing him here, even

now, so that he may welcome Will and

Kitty on their return from the wedding he cannot see."

And no sooner was the party fairly at

the chapel than there drove to the colonel's door the old colonel, and two soldiers assisted to alight and led to the doorway the soldierly form of Captain Leale, his eyes still covered by the deep green shade. It was Helen Dauntless' hand that guided him into the lately crowded parlor and he knew the touch and thrilled with the joy of it.

"He'll!" he cried. "They tell me

all we're going. What I said we'd

be there so long in evad."

With your voice, I've been

going to the home—fishing. I've been

grappling for comes to me through the

dark."

"Then it is still dark with you?" she

asked him.

There was a moment's pause. The band had just ceased the joyous march with which it had "trooped" the wedding party into the chapel, and then, as though in accompaniment to the ceremony just beginning and to the sweet romance already throbbing here, the exquisite strains of the "Trammele" softly thrilled upon the fragrant air.

"Hullo!" he spoke, his deep voice

trembling, as did the hand that still

clung to hers. "You know that for me

the lights went out before ever that

powder box crossed my eyes."

She strode, hardly knowing why, to release her hand.

"No, dear!" he went on gently.

"Don't be afraid I have come back

to vex you with my sorrows; but listen,

they will all be here in a moment. I

went away hoping to teach my heart a

friendship for you that should give me

the right to come again and serve you

as your friend. When I found that it

was almost sure that I should walk in

darkness all my life, I said, "Now at

least I can accept the blessing of her

friendship, even as she offered it to me."

A man maimed and set apart from his

fellows can learn thankfulness for a

great good, though it is not his heart's

desire."

And here her graceful head was

bowed, and silently her tears came

gushing forth. "But time has taught

me the falsity of that," he went on,

firmly now. "You shall never misunderstand me. Even in the dark my pulse

beat gave the lie to friendship. I loved

you, I love you, and so have come to

say a long goodby. I've made my fight

to be your friend and failed. At least

I have been a soldier. I will not be a

coward."

She could control herself no longer.

Though she had freed her hands, she

seemed involuntarily stretching them

forth. Then, leaning upon the table for

support, one hand found the glove that

had been removed and had there. He had

withdrawn a page and lifted his head

as though the blighted eyes were striv

ing to peer from under their shade for

one look at the face they had



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Traveler's Directory.

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For New York the South and West.

Steamers PLYMOUTH and PILGRIM in commission. An Orchestra on each.

Leave Newport week days only, at 9:15 A.M.

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Arrive Fall River, 1:30 P.M.

Arrive Providence, 2:30 P.M.

Arrive New York, 3:30 P.M.

Arrive Philadelphia, 4:30 P.M.

Arrive Baltimore, 5:30 P.M.

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The Mercury.

John P. Harmon, Editor and Manager.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

An exchange says: William Willard Astor owns 1000 houses in New York, and has an income of more than \$10,000,000 a year.

Nearly 6 per cent of the veterans in the soldiers' homes died last year. The great master out goes on, and the time is coming when the gratitude of the nation will be but an enduring memory.

I do not know if the example set by Nevada and already a bill has been introduced in the Legislature legalizing glove contests and fixing the license at \$300.

Congressman Bull spent Sunday with his Newport friends. He reached here Saturday night and left for Washington Tuesday night. It was a short stay, but an enjoyable one to the visitor and the visited alike.

Sunday is to be the opening day of the Iowa State Fair this year. Of course the machinery will not be started and the open air exercises are to be of a religious character, but—Well, it will probably be a good day for the society, financially.

The Spanish system of public education is miserably inadequate. But little over a fourth of the adult population can read and write. Sixty instruction is given to 41 per cent of the children of school age, and few of the teachers receive over \$125 a year. This alone is enough to justify revolutionary sentiments among Spain's American colonists.

There is no limit to the cost of the new State House, say the Commissioners, and the public are beginning to believe their statement in that direction. The powers that control the politics of the State control also the State House Commission, and the threat has gone out that whoever opposes this project is to be politically slaughtered. In fact, no quarter is to be shown him. Politically he is to be treated as Gen. Weyler treats the Cuban insurgents.

The king of Greece has shown a spirit deserving the admiration of the whole civilized world and one worthy of emulation by the United States in regard to Cuba. Disengaged at the inaction of the "Great Powers" in forcing the promised reforms under Turkish rule, he takes the matter in his own hands and with his valiant son, Prince George, bids fair to do, as far as Crete is concerned at least, all that the Great Powers have promised but failed to do.

For National Printer.

The Fall River News says: "One of the hottest contests now on for an office under the McKinley administration is the contest over the birth of a public printer. This place is one of the most desirable in the public service, and to a practical printer offers many inducements to accept. The two leading candidates just now seem to be F. C. Foster, of Chicago, Ill., and Col. L. B. Pease, of Woonsocket, R. I. Mr. Foster was born in Brewster, Mass., in 1858, and at the age of 16 years was setting type on the Yarmouth Register. At 19, however, he moved to Chicago, and has since been prominently identified with the printing trade of that city. The Republican committee of Worcester, is hard at work enlisting the support of the Massachusetts delegation in his favor. Colonel Pease, who has crossed swords with Mr. Foster, is another well known New England man, beginning at the age of 15 in Rockville, Ct. He has since worked his way up the scale and is now an editor and publisher. The Rhode Island senators are for him, and it is understood that he has another formidable endorsement."

The Spunky Greeks.

The eastern war cloud has assumed gigantic proportions during the past week. The Turkish misrule on the Island of Crete became so unbearable that the people who are nearly all of the Greek-Christian faith revolted and have called upon Greece for help. King George responded promptly and immediately landed troops upon the Island in the face of the protest of the five great powers which assume to control the destinies of Europe.

The latest reports from there say: Despite the action of the powers in restraining the Greek troops in Crete from aggressive operations against the Turks and the probability that that island will eventually be handed over to Greece without the necessity of her fighting for its possession, the war feeling here is increasing hourly. The enthusiasm with which the reserves responded to the call to arms has been fully equalled by the military order of volunteers who are flocking into the city from all parts eager to take part in battle against the Turks.

It is announced this morning that the King of Greece intends to take command of the Northern army in person, and the report has had the effect to still further inflame the martial spirit of the people.

An indication of what may be expected in the way of aid from Macedonia in any possible conflict with the Turks is shown in the steady accessions of Macedonians to the Greek ranks. A force of 1,000 Macedonian volunteers, one body has crossed the frontier and joined the Greek army. It is to the demand to the diplomats representing the great powers that the Greek fleet, commanded by Prince George be withdrawn from Cretan waters at once. M. Skousky, minister of foreign affairs, sent to each minister a note saying the withdrawal of the fleet will be impossible until Crete is completely pacified, and furthermore, that the Greek government will not rescind its orders to the Greek forces in Crete to oppose the landing of Turkish troops upon the island.

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Sypher, 21, of New York, have been in town this week.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

The Crowd that Assumes to Run the State—No Relator Whatever Paid to the People's Wishes—The Doings of a Small Portion of the State House Committee.

The Providence Journal's reporter has been calling round the State Auditor's office again. This is what he discovers in reference to the eating capacity of a portion of the crowd that is managing to eat up the people's money. Of the State House Commission he says:

The habit of dining at the expense of the State was much commented upon. So great was the talk that was aroused that few expected that the Commission would refuse to drop the costly habit when it arrived. When the report of the Auditor is published the taxpayers will discover that the lunches have gone on with pretty much the accustomed regularity.

On March 2, 1890, the State Treasurer paid a Hope Club bill amounting to \$70. It was for "lunches" consumed by the Board. A little later on, March 17, another Hope Club bill amounting to \$93.01, also for lunches, was paid. The bills are always for "lunches" not "dinners." Further along in the Auditor's forthcoming report is another Hope Club bill for \$60. This was on the 13th of June. Lunches, of course, Nov. 17, is an item—the banner one of the year—of \$305.20. It was for Hope Club lunches; \$23.03 of this sum was for luncheons which the Commissioners dispensed of during several months after the regular meetings.

The laying of the corner stone, Oct. 17, was an expensive affair, of course. The L. A. Tilliglott Company provided lunches for some of the participants, which cost the State \$34. Did the State House Commissioners dine that day with the hot pot? No, no, indeed, they did not. According to that bill, above mentioned, of \$398.20, the Hope Club fed the Commissioners and their guests, and the cost was \$33.17, which sum added to the \$222.93 makes the total over \$390. Thus ended the account of the Commissioners' Hope Club lunch affairs for the year 1890. The last Hope Club bill was laid Nov. 17.

But there were other luncheons. Edward K. Gleason is Secretary of the Board. He receives \$200 a month. The duties are not very hard, for the Commissioners hire a boy who gets \$5 a week to attend to the affairs of the office. When there is more work than this boy can attend to comfortably, outside help is hired. The Secretary did not address the corner stone invitations, for instance. He employed a few young men, and their services, according to the forthcoming Auditor's report, cost the taxpayers of Rhode Island \$55. This item is merely mentioned by itself.

It sometimes happens that the Commission, or rather the executive committee of that body, which, by the way, absolutely controls and manages the entire work of the new State House construction, is forced to journey to other States to examine marble or other materials more or less nearly connected with the building of the new palace. Of course, Mr. Gleason accompanied his travellers, and the cost of his passage was journeyed without the cost of the Commissioners' expenses on business. Once it was necessary for the Secretary to examine a marble quarry in Maryland. He was accompanied by Supt. Wolters and it cost the State \$70.

Comparatively speaking, it will be found that the Board has done little travelling in 1890. They went to New York in July, of course, Mr. Gleason went, too, and the State Auditor was called upon, when the travellers returned, to draw his check for \$193.57. In October Mr. Gleason had to travel somewhere else; therefore, \$61.05.

Once in a while it happens that strangers come to town for the express purpose of looking at the new State House. They call at the office of the Board, where they are treated with all the facilities whereby they may obtain a correct idea of the structure. Incidentally strangers, as well as architects and others interested in the structure, are sometimes dined by Mr. Gleason at M. W. Tilliglott's restaurant. The State pays the bill.

Witness the impudence of the two managers of the State House Commission: They say we are not bound to go by what the preceding Commission did. We were allowed \$1,000.00, or so much thereof as would be necessary to complete the building. Not an item was passed by the Legislature, though, informing us that this amount was the limit. In fact, there is no limit to the cost of the new State House.

"When the \$1,500,000 is spent and the structure is incomplete more funds will have to be appropriated.

The Commission was empowered to go ahead and erect a State House, and we are positively not limited as to the amount we should spend."

To be sure, the Commission that was discharged a few years ago told the Legislature that the building would not cost more than \$1,500,000. As a matter of fact that Commission gave on the impression that the State House would not require anywhere near the sum appropriated, but they thought it wise to raise the larger sum, so there would be nothing to hamper the work, once started.

"We are not responsible for what the old Commission did," said a member of the Board this morning. "They could say anything they desired concerning the cost of the structure, but we are not bound to go by what they assert."

It is amazing, however, to hear members of the present Commission say such things about the original State House Commission. "We are not responsible for what they did," is a way the members have of referring to the old board. This sounds very well, but the amazing feature of the statement is that the late board and the present board are actually one and the same.—[Providence Journal.]

How the Presidents Treated Him.

Chauncy M. Depew says that he has had personal experience in seeking office—not for himself, however, but for others—from every Republican President. He says that Mr. Lincoln would always listen attentively to what he had to say and then tell a funny story. On his way back to the hotel he would think over the story, and finally see that it landed his candidate way out of sight.

Gen. Grant always received an application for office as toasts to the memory of Washington are drunk—standing and in silence.

President Hayes listened for a while, then broke out into lamentations that the attention of the President of the United States should be diverted from the great affairs of state to distribute patronage. Then he would make a memorandum in a little red book which was to remain in his pocket.

General Garfield would put his arm around your neck, tell you how much he loved you, and then forget what you said to him.

President Arthur would listen with particular attention to all you had to say; then refer you to some man in New York whom you were never able to find.

President Harrison was never able to sit down in his chair until you had presented the claims of your candidate, and then change the subject.

Major McKee's methods have not been developed.

A. O. D. Taylor has let for Mr. Griswold the store in the Berkley building at the corner of John street and Bellevue avenue to Mr. Charles Dodge of Morristown, New Jersey, who has decided to open a first class dry goods store in Newport this coming summer.

A. O. D. Taylor has let the lower half of No. 7 Rhode Island avenue, the large double apartment house owned by Mr. W. F. Wilcox, to Mr. and Mrs. Coudray, for their future residence.

Pain-Killer.

(Patent Druggist.)

A Cure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaints.

Pain-Killer.

This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic. It is a simple, safe and quick cure for Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Colds, Neuralgia, Diarrhoea, Croup, Toothache, TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

An Historic Regiment.

President-Elect McKinley's old regi-

ment, the Twenty-third Ohio Volun-

teers, the veterans of which will be

given a place of honor in the forthcom-

ing Inaugural Parade, is some re-

spects one of the most remarkable

that ever shouldered muskets. In addition

to having a splendid fighting record it

was the first Ohio regiment to en-

list for the three-year term, its prede-

cessors having enlisted for life.

The girls who chew gum to public han-

dles to call down bad who-urts in

private.

John Fiske, the eminent historian, has prepared for the March number of the Atlantic Monthly the most notable contribution that has been made to the discussion of the Arbitration Treaty. He shows by a sweep of historical sur-vey how the progress of industry and the relations between the United States and Great Britain make such a treaty a logical result; and he explains the im- portant benefits that are sure to come from it in the future. He points out how nearly all our disputes in the past could have been adjusted under such a treaty, and how the treaty is a natural ally of commerce and industrial ad- vancement for the bringing of a newer in the history of government.

The girl who chews gum to public han-

dles to call down bad who-urts in

private.

A. O. D. TAYLOR,

Real Estate Office, 121 Bellevue Avenue, New-

port, R. I.

TO FARMERS.—I want to get a good

farm of 40 to 45 acres,

not more than 3 miles out from Newport. Please send me

particulars.

Office hours, 9 a. m. till 4 p. m.

MARRIAGES

Saturday, February 13, by Rev. George J.

M. D. D. Karl Schwanberger and Mrs.

Alice Erdine Viles

In this city, 10th inst., Mary Louisa, daughter

of the late Joseph and the late Ella Sharpe, in

this city, 10th inst., Freda M. Baker,

In this city, 16th inst., Lucy G. Wilson, of

Captain Cromwell Barlow.

In this city, 16th inst., Francis Joseph

Kline, in this city, 16th inst., Gardiner E. Toff, in

In this city, 16th inst., of his age.

In this city, 16th inst., John and Mary

and the late John, 16th inst.,

In this city, 16th inst., John Joseph, only

son of Patrick and Abby Dwyer, aged 6 years.

In this city, 18th inst., Daniel Abro, in the

7th year of his age.

In this city, 19th inst., John E. son of Pat-

rick and the late Margaret Flanagan, aged

3 years.

In Pawtucket, 15th inst., Anna E. wife of

George Graham and daughter of the late

William C. Oman of this city, in the 10th year

of her age.

In Elizabethtown, 12th inst., Fathina, wife of

At Paris, France, 18th inst., William H.

Stewart of Philadelphia, in his 17th year.

At San Francisco, 15th inst., Mary E., wife of

the late Bishop, in her 4th year. Native of

Vermont.

In Providence, 15th inst., Louis Jane

widow of Charles Hodges, in his 5th year.

In South Attleboro, Mass., 15th inst., John A., wife of John H. Fenton, in her 15th year.

In Marion, 15th inst., Asbury, widow of

Samuel Stone, in his 6th year.

In Warwick, 15th inst., M. W. Tilliglott, Dr.

Sept. 19, dinner.....\$2.63

Oct. 1, dinner.....2.50

Oct. 8, dinner.....2.50

Oct. 15, dinner.....3.45

Oct. 22, dinner.....2.50

Oct. 29, dinner.....2.50

Oct. 31, dinner.....2.50

Total.....\$24.85

The Commissioners ride in hacks whenever the opportunity presents itself. Hack is a considerable item which the State has to pay. The largest hack bill of the year was paid Nov. 17, and it amounted to \$21. Of this sum it was paid for the carriages

and other guests invited to ride used in the parade of Oct. 15. The rest, \$63, was

for carriages hired by the Board from time to time. It may be interesting to know that those handsome invitations to the laying of the corner stone cost the tax-payers \$187.74, and the silver

plate of the corner stone together with the trowel used in the ceremony made an item of \$57.88.

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Furniture.

OLD OAK

Chamber Set,
Wire Springs
AND
SOFT TOP MATTRESS,
for \$25.00,

AT—

BRYER'S.
PACKING.

WE PACK

FURNITURE, CROCKERY,
ERIC-A-BRAC, PICTURES and
STATUARY.

Only experienced hands employed.
All orders promptly attended to.

We carry a fine line of

Modern and Antique Furniture,
Carpets, Mattings and Rugs.J. W. HORTON & CO.,
42 CHURCH STREET,
J. W. HORTON, F. A. WARD.

JOHN S. LANGLEY.

DEALER IN

FURNITURE
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. ALSO

Furnishing Undertaker.

CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, &c.,

FURNISHED AT SHORT NOTICE.

18 Franklin St., Newport, R.I.

Residence, No. 1 School St.

J. T. MARTIN,

BOTTLER,

WHOLESALE LIQUOR DEALER

and agent for

LEAVY & BRITTON'S CANADA MALT ALES AND THE CELEBRATED WHATCHEER LAGER

558 Thames St., cor. Lee Avenue,
Familiar supplier. Telephone 1817.

BOOTS.

Calf' Boots,
Kip' Boots,
Grain Boots,Felt Boots,
Wool Boots,
Rubber Boots,

At your usual moderate prices, at

M. S. HOLM'S,
186 Thames Street,
NEWPORT, R. I.

REMOVAL.

I desire to inform my patrons and friends that on and after OCTOBER 1, 1897, my place of business will be No. 15 Market Square. Any one who has umbrellas or parasols will please affix them here.

With all my best personal regards and compliments,
ROCCO BARONE, Ferry Wharf.

COME EARLY

And we can show you the finest selection of

Baby Carriages

to be found in Newport.

ALL THE NEWEST STYLES AT

Lowest Prices.

W. K. COVELL,

163 Thames Street.

STRENGTH, VITALITY, MANHOOD



W. H. PARKER, Jr., D. B. B. Parker,
Boston, Mass., is the author of the
book "The Science of Life," which
is a medical treatise on the
subject of health and disease. It
is a valuable addition to the
library of every household, and
is especially useful to those
who are interested in the
study of medicine and health.

CURES

Large book. The Science of Life, \$1.00.

Preservatives, etc. Price \$1.00.

Drugs, etc. Price \$1.00

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all and all forms of indigestion common to the cheap brands. **ROYAL BAKING POWDER**, NEW YORK.

TIVERTON.

The Chocolate party, "given by the young people under the auspices of St. Catherine's Gothic," proved a very successful one. The exhibits of blue and white embroidery were greatly appreciated. Mrs. S. Van Remond, "Mother of Boston," sent a fine collection of "the spoils" collected during repeated visits to Europe and her last tour around the world. There were embroideries from Denmark, China, Japan, Hungary,

Schreier's
Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,
143 THAMES STREET.

The Leading House.

Reduction in Every Department.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE!

There is no reason why you should wear an old hat when you can get a new one for a small sum. Every hat in our Trimmed Hat Department reduced. Just take a look at them and bear in mind that a stylish and comfortable hat, bought from a reliable house, is always appreciated.

Walking Hats in all colors at reduced prices. Untrimmed Hats in the leading shapes, at lower prices than ever. Ribbons, Chenille and Fancy Feathers.

Largest assortment of Ostrich and Coque Plumes. Misses and Children's Tom-O'-Shanties.

Latest colors in Silk and Velvet Roses. Jet and Rhinestone Ornaments of every description.

Remember! Prices the lowest! Our goods guaranteed!



PILLOW DEX,

The New and Popular Game.

FUN FOR EVERYBODY.

THE MOST LAUGHABLE GAME EVER PUBLISHED.

25 and 50 cents.

We want you to inspect our line of

PLAYING CARDS.

We are Headquarters for these Goods. See our leaders,

For 10c, 15c, 25c, 34c, 49c, 59c, 73c, up.

ALL THE NEW

PARLOR GAMES,

AT—

A. C. LANDERS',

167 Thames Street.

Odds and Ends Sale!

We have taken stock and find a great many

ODD SUITS

Odd Coats and Vests

—AND—

ODD COATS, which we offer at

50c. on a Dollar.

IN SOME CASES LESS.

Special Bargains

—IN—

OVERCOATS and ULSTERS.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.,

208 THAMES STREET. 208

Switzerland, Turkey, Point lace from India, Jewel work from Delhi, Embroidery from Asia Minor, Garments from China, Japan, Turkey, also German and Mexican embroideries, the beautiful specimens of hand work being beyond description. Miss Anna Church contributed fine specimens of Mexican embroideries and garments, which her father Captain L. L. Church had collected during his tour around the world.

Mrs. William Anthony, of Somerville, formerly of Tiverton, sent exhibits of great interest. They were small garments made for Isaac Barker, born May 18th, 1783; these garments were of the finest blue, exclusively embroidered, also a "green on blue" dress, and a dress from beautifully embroidered, but worked in the year 1780. Mrs. O. Green and Miss Lizzie Green exhibited two fine pieces of Mexican work, a bed spread made over 100 years old, which had its many admirers, calling forth the remark of one of the first who saw it, "What are these exhibits of old cloth?" The spread was made of old blue pieces given it the effect of new and valanced old cloth. Miss Matilda Grindell sent beautiful specimens of embroidery. Mrs. Eliza O. Hamblen sent a choice exhibit of hand weaving. Miss Susie Littlefield exhibited fine specimens of darned raw work. The funeral of Mrs. Patience, wife of Joshua C. Durfee, who died at her home in this town on Friday, the 12th instant, was solemnized on Wednesday, the interment being in Fall River. She was born in the old Durfee house on the Bullock's road, on the 6th day of October, 1830. She was the daughter of Capt. Thomas Brayton and Marlotta (Perry) Allerton, who was a niece of Commodore Allerton, the hero of Lake Erie, her mother being a sister of Commodore Perry. Mrs. Durfee was, therefore, his granddaughter. When but an infant the family removed to Fall River. When 23 years old Patience was married to Joshua C. Durfee, in June, 1853, and for more than 30 years she has been a faithful wife and helpmeet. In the following October the young couple went to housekeeping at Eggleville. Three children were born to them, two daughters, Sarah Coggeshall Durfee, who married William T. Robinson, of Providence, and Ellen Elizabeth Durfee, who married the late Nelson O. Borden, and one son, Joshua T. Durfee. Mrs. Durfee also leaves four granddaughters and four great-grandchildren to do honor and reverence to her name. Her husband also survives her. The deceased was one of the oldest members of the First Baptist church of Fall River, and shone in an exemplary Christian life. She was always doing for others, and "not grudgingly." Kind and willing, skilled in nursing, she was always called upon, as was the custom in bordery, when a babe was born, or when death came into a family; going at all hours of the day or night, never asking nor receiving pay for her services. She was never strong, but feeble most of her life, and she endured a great deal of sickness. Blindness gradually came upon her, and for the last two years she has been entirely without sight.

Decided was a sister of Mr. James B. Dayton of Newport.

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